

THE BELL RINGER

Montgomery Bell Academy

4001 Harding Road Nashville, TN 37205

29 May 2011

Vol. LXVII, No. 7

Congratulations to the Class of 2011!



One senior reminisces

By John Wyse
Staff Graduate

For the class of 2011, our worlds as we know them are rapidly changing. A six-year chapter of our lives is coming to an end as we diverge paths and set out to embrace college (except you, Cullen).

First of all I'd like to say that if you're reading this, then the class of 2011 has already graduated. Roll Red and congratulations, us. No more themes or formal lab reports, no more looking over your shoulder for Coach Mac's ominous stare, and no more dreaded mid-week assemblies.

Graduation, however, is bittersweet. Gone are the days of naps in the quad, silent math classes, and the famous chicken patty day. Soon people will think you are weird if you play Pokemon in class and might be legitimately scared if you flash a "Tre 4." I know it sounds crazy, but most teenage Americans don't understand the magnitude of going 13-0 like we do, or know of the musical sensation Jon Neergard. Here's a look back at a few of the good times that we've shared.

In the fall of 2005, the incoming 7th grade class first stepped foot on the Hill. We watched Bradley Worthington pour chocolate milk on himself at Deion's request,

awkwardly appreciated Cooper's yo-yo skills, and pelted each other with hacky-sacks. I'll never forget Devin McClain's refusal to jump off the ropes course at Camp Laney. Perhaps, though, my favorite memory of the year came when a soon-to-be scarred 7th grader came across a particularly obscene binder. This same year, Alex Hunt started working hard to get into college; Mason Foote was nowhere to be found.

In 8th grade, we ruled the endzone at football games, the magical place where Warren Smith got his first girlfriend, whadup. Most of us paid \$25 for a hot dog and chips and never gave it a second thought because we were so psyched about the fact that we were all wearing ball caps. Lindsay Lohan made several appearances in Massey and one at SOM's house. One lucky microbe came across what is simply referred to as "the titanic" (for reasons unknown) in the Ingram bathroom. Blood, sweat, and tears were shed in Woolsey Stadium.

Sadly, at the end of the year we lost some of our most beloved classmates, namely Martin Carter, Stan Rozar, and Jimmy Thomas.

A few new faces joined us freshman year as we first entered the hallowed halls of Carter, Ball, and Wallace. A long-haired Alex Austin "cranked that" and Drew Lonergan drove his lawnmower, repping the frosh well. Not to be outdone Philip

Spelman produced the most epic hair flick in assembly history. The image of D-Run getting in a few poke checks while playing tonsil hockey at Connor Caldwell's homecoming after party is forever burned in my memory. Everyone remembers that one time when Preston Bailey or Scott Bubis made you pee your pants a little bit when they shoved past you in the lunch line. E.J. had some big time fans, and Christian Alford was even single for a few days.

With sophomore year came more work, but also more freedom since most of us could now drive. The sophomore lot was a haven from the watchful eyes of MBA faculty. Hayes left Ben Coode a thoughtful gift one day, while Scott opened up his first small business on the premises. Alex Blanton peaced out, but for a brief time we all knew Michael Lindley and our mate Hunter Pie. To this day, I still have no idea what an anti-communist, anti-radical, leftist liberal conservative consensus is, but on the bright side Coach K once bought me cheese fries at Sonic. Lowlights included swine flu and a certain Algebra II class.

When I look back on junior year two things first come to mind: my hatred for Ensworth athletics and Clay Garrett's peculiar taste in women. I think these two speak for themselves. While Mason Kirkpatrick quit the basketball team, Mason Foote's pecs were getting huge, and hardly anyone

noticed that Will Baker was gone because they were busy playing Farmville. F equaled ma and Dr. J spent his last semester in Mr. DeYoung's room. Harrison Matthews lost a close battle for class treasurer after a long and dusty campaign trail. Then we all had a few great snow days, but the good times were bound to end. With the death of Miller's cat, junior year ended on a somber note.

The days go slow, but senior year has flown by. From exchange trips to football games to college decisions to a wonderful senior slide, many a memory comes to mind. I wounded a young maiden with a stick once. Frampton was born. Stratego and Tetris took up most of our free time. The Green Wave, Christballerz, and others played their last churchball games. I'm happy to announce that Walton Macey will be attending Auburn next year, and he's rooming with Pablo Sanchez. Even Alex Hunt is leaving home thanks to his hard work. There was no senior prank but at least there was Buckfest.

My journalism career on the Hill may be coming to a close, but I couldn't end without leaving you with a nice quote. "Love what you do and do what you love, but never believe Jarvis Werkhaven."

It's been real. I couldn't ask for a better group of guys than the class of 2011. May your futures always be brighter than your pasts and may CRV's one day rule the roads. Peace. Roll Red.



THE BELL RINGER

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The Ryan Plan is fun for liberals

By Jesse Suh
Editorial Editor

Given current tension over the economy and concerns over the President's leadership, one would think that the Republican Party would be in prime position to further its interests politically. Paul Ryan's recent proposal for sweeping budget cuts throughout the federal government begs to differ. Not only is Representative Ryan's plan drastic for all the wrong reasons, but it also comes at the worst possible time for GOP presidential hopefuls.

Paul Ryan's plan is the proverbial act of "throwing the baby out with the bath water." The plan unsustainably freezes and cuts taxes by making the Bush tax cuts for the rich permanent and lowering corporate taxes even further. This is a quixotic effort to promote trickle-down economics that led to lower wages and a volatile economy throughout the 80's. Safety nets such as Medicaid and food stamps are to become state block grants. Block grants often do not end up holding the same purpose as their goals intend due to redirections in funding.

More worrisome for the GOP, however, are Ryan's proposals for federal entitlements. Medicare is to be privatized through the use of vouchers to replace standard health care plans that exist today. Many have seen this as a call to effectively end Medicare.

Grandma and Grandpa like to vote. It's universally known that the voter turnout of senior citizens is radically higher than any other demographic. Elections are swung by seniors, making Ryan's plan inconvenient. In Republican primaries it has essentially become taboo to denounce Ryan's budget proposal that has caught fire among Tea Party members and the base. These are the groups that presidential hopefuls need to win to become the nominee. Hopefuls such as Newt Gingrich and Mitt Romney have already been skewered for their skepticism in Ryan's plan along with support for policies that contradict Ryan's proposals. Flip flops or outright radicalism that could ensue



Why yes, Mr. Mitt Romney, I'd be freaking out, too.

in the general election would serve as a major advantage for Obama in his campaign for re-election.

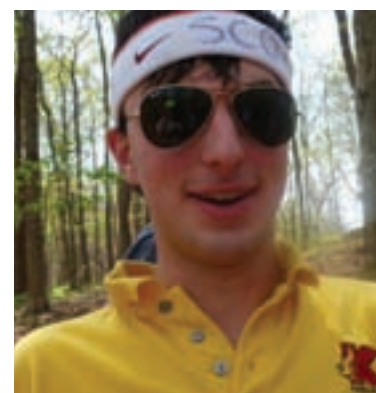
The problems in the GOP over the Ryan plan come at the worst possible moment as a weak economy is generally more threatening to the incumbent. Maybe the Ryan plan, or Obama's budget for that matter, would be better served by making actual cuts to our ridiculous defense budget which dwarfs all other nations combined. Would that solve our budget crisis? It would help. Would it scare away key votes to realize any part of the Republican ideology? Nope.

I have enjoyed writing in *The Bell Ringer*, and I hope things I have written have interested you, annoyed you, or just made you think. Thanks.

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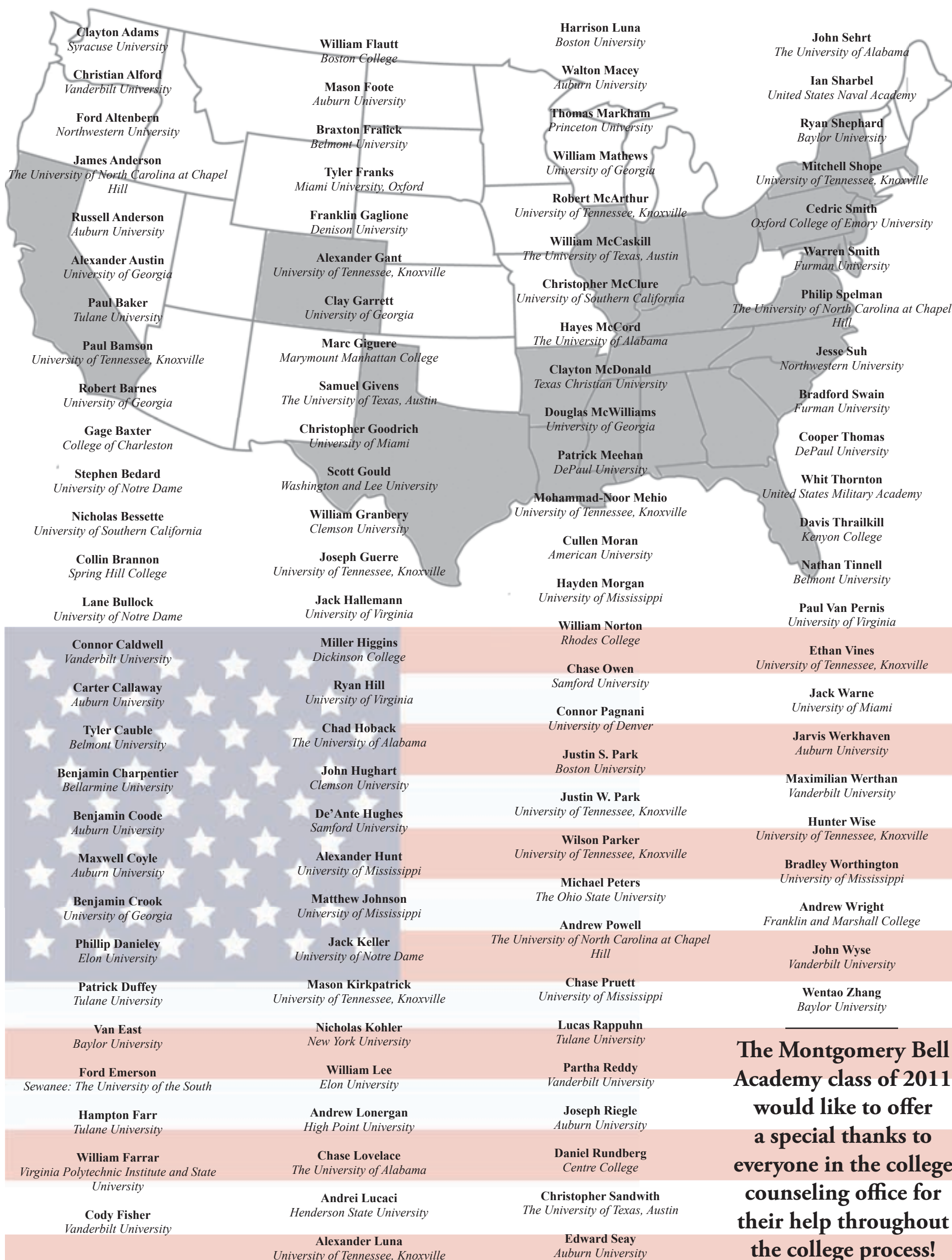
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Juniors find light at end of the tunnel, Schmidt

By Scott Dalton
Staff News Finder

Finally, the men of the Class of 2012 will be able to call themselves seniors. As we leave for the summer break focusing on what the new school year will bring us, we have a final salute to the members of the class of 2012 who have provided us with news all year long and will undoubtedly continue to do so for the next year and a half.

After receiving numerous complaints from almost every junior class member (including the man himself), **Palmer Campbell** will have a few (but well deserved sentences) about himself this go around. We all love **Palmer** for his in-class antics. Whether it is “texting his tennis coach” or “hot girlfriend” while the teacher is blatantly staring at him, or whether he asks to leave class early without previous notification to the teacher, he is truly a champ. Known for his many nicknames such as “stanky P,” “stank-a-lank,” “Dis’ is P,” “warrior,” or my personal favorite, “hey Arnold, Palmer” Palmer himself is known for being overly nice to teachers and calling them “sir” whenever possible (including female teachers). For that we salute you, Palmer Campbell, for all the news bits you have given us this year.

In other news, **James Kay** literally ate **Casey Ortale’s** iPod headphones in math class a couple of weeks ago. That bit is only funny because it actually happened.

When asked about it, James just said it was “crunchy.” James will now be known as Captain Obvious. **Karthik Sastry** is still trying to get a quick number crunch on how painful that was during the process of digestion. Speaking of digestion, **Gray Jones** is still looking much like a llama. Llamas chew their own cud, and that’s why digestion sparked that. Don’t be so judgmental.

DP, David Arteaga, Noah Fardon, Preston Evans, Jamie Joyce, Rob Edwards, John Mark and Daniel Bellet have all decided to go on a team scuba trip down to the Bahamas. The group is still trying to explain to **John Mark** that “Bohemian Rhapsody” has nothing to do with the Bahamas in a Jamaican accent. **Logan Standard** and **John Morphis** will probably spend the summer cradling their spoons and getting chicks...is there anything else in life? No, says **Paul Brazil**.

In surgical news, **Dan Mace** went under the knife again. We’re not quite sure what for this time, but someone mentioned something about beautifully sculpted abs, and I’d believe it. We wish you a speedy recovery, Dan. Talk about recovery, in order to catch up entirely on sleep, **Connor Yakushi** has decided to take up hibernation for the entire summer. We hope that by August he wakes up in time to fall asleep during registration.

Congratulations to **Tim Bulso**, who has not spoken to me once since last issue.



Coaches Bradshaw, Murphy, Simonis, and Kay flex their guns as they get ready for the big Harpeth Hall Powder Puff game. Unfortunately, the juniors lost.

I am a little shocked, but mostly depressed. **Baker Swain** and his counterpart **Anderson Rader** will probably bro out with **Henry Beveridge** all summer so they can learn from a true Jedi master. On that note, **Jack Whitson** will take to the sands to compete in yet another summer of Olympic trials for the mixed beach volleyball qualifiers with partner **Misty May Trennor**. **Joe “Bro” Scherrer** will be there to calculate the density of the particle plasma focus components of the silicon dioxide under intense UV pressure.

Have a great summer, boys, you deserve it. Remember to stay out of trouble, and for the sake of all things merciful, stay away from front porches in the country, **Joseph Robinson**.

Ninth’s nerves are fraying

By Wells Hamilton
Staff News Writer

With the end in sight, the frayed strings that hold the average freshman student together begin to snap one by one. Of course, this unraveling isn’t exactly healthy for good exam scores. But the end of the year has little effect on **Ben Yahnian**, whose unmatched scholarly resolve will lead him to a great end of the year performance on the science exam, which was apparently so mind-blowing it gave **Joe Werthan** a nosebleed. There was no terminating sequence, Joe, no terminating sequence.

Other science exam highlights included the moment when **John Yoder**, a favorite among regular geometry teachers, realized he was no match for **Mr. Villemain’s** exam and that his cowboy boots would do little to help him escape the situation. The style looks better on **Gray Reams** anyway. Perhaps the pig dissection didn’t serve **Mr. Yoder** as well as it did outdoorsman **Baily Perrone**, who, after dissecting the pig in 0.44 seconds (rounded), proceeded to build a fire and cook it.

Jack Coyle and **Samuel Bamigboye** both spent enormous amounts of time preparing for ancient/medieval history, whereas **Jordon Pugh** did not, and suffered the consequences.

After the math exam **Chris Burrus** expressed his sadness that he could not have Mrs. Qian four years in a row. **Sam Smith** aced his math exam and looks forward to training for his Fifa game against **Mr. Epstein’s** roommate. It should be a good one.

But it isn’t all exams at the end of the year. Yes, for some there are still sports, sports, and more gratuitous amounts of sports. **Harrison Davies** became a four-sport athlete this year when he ran track after the end of the JV Lax season. Wait, did I say **Davies**? I meant **Davis**... **Harrison Davis**...sorry, Davies. Varsity baseball players **Tristan Chari** and **David Harrison** attempted to put the “athlete” before the “scholar” when they left **Dr. Batten’s** help session early. They were obviously more confused than **Hayden Palm**. Fortunately, all they missed was a healthy dose of **Alex Barr’s** witty humor and timeless shenanigans. That and **Adam Biesman’s** endless stream of questions. That is truly all for now. Let us hope no one goes to summer school...except for **Strack Azar** who is always looking for reasons to spend more time with his favorite teacher, **Mr. Berry**.



We found him! Ex-MBA junior Blake Schmidt does exist... at Science Olympiad.

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Sophomores sigh at school's end, shave heads

By McLean Hudson
Staff News Writer

Partially because we never have to see another multiple choice question from **Commander Carr**'s tests but mostly because of that whole summer thing, the sophomores of MBA couldn't be more excited to be done with school. Unless you're going to summer school- have fun with **Mr. Compton/Mr. Herring/Mr. Paolicchi/CDR Carr**/the rest of our favorite educators.

Anyway, the news...**Christian Sargent** recently discovered the magic that is smooth and free-form jazz. **Jack Benton** knows the answer is always **Molly**; **J.T. Braun** is not creative; **Jake Simons** is a lady killa. **Hunter Crabtree** is working and backpacking this summer and "there is nothing **Mr. Herring** can do about it. **BI Haynes** declared his spirit officially crushed after **Cmdr. Carr**'s exam last Thursday.

In sciencey news, several sophomores travelled with the Science Olympiad team to the national competition in some state, either Illinois or Wisconsin (not sure which), and probably did OK (no one told me and I didn't ask) but probably got crushed by California and the usual smart states. **Colin Caldwell** reports that **Adam Bowman** forgot his labeled batteries, **Hunter Tidwell** is amassing a robot army, and **Hamilton Millwee** likes **Obama**. Also, **Colin** wants to steal some biscuits, and **Tom Bu**'s nose won't stop bleeding.

Now on to more important topics. **Jack Emerson** is now the head pizza-maker at Granny White Market, **John Powell** likes exclamation points, **George Swenson** is apparently sub-par at tennis, but **Jody** backfired. **George** and **John Tully** quaked the ponds recently, **Big D** got an eyeful, and **Tommy Douglas** is the next PekkaRhinne. **Alan Liang** would like to let everyone know that he will greatly miss his Spanish II class- "the experience of a lifetime." Oh, and **Jackson** is a homewrecker.

Tate Ramsden reportedly plans on having a good summer. No confirmation thus far on that story, but it is generally believed to be true. **Ryan Potter** is mad at **Wilson Johnson** because he is a 15th prestige, and Potter isn't. **Will McFadden** is very happy to be done with chemistry. **William Yang** had an awesome study sheet and is very sad **Nikita** is getting cancelled. **JeTarii Donald** went about 100 for 250 in actually going to advisory.

Bennet Maxwell is still thinking, and it was **Paul Moore**'s birthday a little while ago. **Sam Turner** loves **Master** and **Dobby** is not wearing socks. **BI** went to support **Molly Claybrook** at Harpeth Hall's powderpuff football game last Saturday. **Sam Waitt** is very excited for summer, and **Jack Rhodes** wants to hit 250 in bench. **Andy Seay** can't wait to be an MBA upper-classman, and **Jonathan Siktberg** is really good at Spanish. **Jack Benton** and **Connor Griffin** are debating whether or not to bring

back their lax trip hairstyles for the summer.

Andrew Dobbs enjoyed exams, **John Powell** is looking at you right now (look over there), and **Robert Papel** has nothing clean to say, except to thank the crew team for all the free sunrise boat rides this year.

Andrew Karpos is way too good at ping-pong, and he took a ride in **Anna Whitney**'s new Volvo (in hopes of re-kindling their relationship). When asked what his favorite shelving unit was, **Jake Macey** replied "racks on racks on racks."

Landon Bullock can do a lotta pull-ups, **Nathan Fouts** interrupted Saint Cecilia's Graduation, and **Barry Goldsmith** is **Barry** excited to not see **Clint Smith** for the next three months. **Jackson Flora** couldn't come up with three pieces of news, but I'll be merciful and not mention **Sloane**. Shoot, I did it again. **Jack Emerson** thought there were 21 letters in the alphabet but it turned out he just forgot U, R, Q, A, and T.

Last remarks - uhhh, can't really think of anything so I'll just wrap it up. **Mr. Moxley**'s room is flaccid, days are short but nights are long, and all that. Stay thirsty, my friends.



Should Jack and Connor bring their hairstyles back?
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CCSC is also connected to MBA through former Varsity Rifle Coach, Leo Lujan, who is the Rifle Program Director at CCSC. In his 9 year tenure he has shown vast knowledge of shooting and has also brought along fantastic staff members who are past MBA students and rifle athletes. Due to Leo's hard work and dedication he has helped CCSC develop one of the top camp rifle programs in the country.

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Science Olympiad team fails to improve standing

Individual highlights offer hope for future

By Karthik Sastry
Resident Scientist

Last Thursday afternoon, while the rest of MBA was recovering from post-exam stupor, the school's top scientists were gathering their lab coats and goggles and preparing to depart for the National Science Olympiad Tournament at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. As champions of the State Tournament in April, the MBA Science Olympiad team had the opportunity to represent Tennessee in the elite national event featuring sixty school teams from across the US. This year marks the second consecutive trip MBA has made to Nationals.

In a Science Olympiad competition, each school participates in twenty-three

events encompassing different aspects of science and engineering and is ranked based on overall performance. Many of the tasks involve laboratory activities such as using forensic evidence to solve a hypothetical crime or modeling the structure of a protein using a 3-D visualization program. In other events, competitors showcase devices which they have built to complete some particular design challenge. The MBA team arrived in the Land of Cheese armed with numerous such contraptions, including a battle-prepared robot, a precisely-tuned Rube Goldberg machine, a load-bearing balsa wood tower, and a xylophone fashioned from copper pipes. Throughout the year, team members have been working together on these projects, often using the resources available in MBA's Science Research Lab supervised by student lab managers Adam Bowman ('13) and Joe Scherrer ('12).

At the National Tournament MBA students performed particularly well in two



Carter and Walton showed the nation how MBA rolls by placing 7th in Chem Lab.

lab-based events. Juniors Joe Scherrer and Karthik Sastry ('12) took home a 5th place medal in the Technical Problem Solving event, in which the competitors were asked to complete several physics-based labs in a limited amount of time. Seniors Carter Callaway and Walton Macey ('11) won 7th place honors in Chemistry Lab, traditionally one of MBA's strongest events at all levels of competition. The pair of Carr-trained chemists calmly executed two complex labs about reactivity in a mere fifty minutes, with time to spare to answer a free response test.

Overall the MBA Science Olympiad team was disappointed not to have improved their ranking from last year. Continued national exposure is a good start, but the team certainly realizes that there is still a long way to go. "We feel there is plenty of room to improve if we want to become consistently competitive on the national level," Joe Scherrer commented, "particularly in

the areas that are not our traditional strong points." The team is focused on defending their State Championship against the likes of Oak Ridge, White Station, and MLK Junior High Schools in 2012 for another opportunity to attend the national competition.

Several seniors will be departing the team, including Carter Callaway, Jack Hallemann, Walton Macey, Connor Caldwell, Andrew Powell, and Stephen Bedard. But a new crop of able freshmen and sophomores, veterans of the middle school Division B team, will be ready to take their places among the Hill's elite group of scientists. Just as importantly, a strong core of current juniors with two years of National Tournament experience will be eager to step into leadership roles. Hopefully the potential of a State three-peat—and a tantalizing trip to Orlando for the 2012 National Tournament—will spur on more scientific success next year.



While they did not win 1st place, MBA did manage to distract female competition with their devilishly-handsome good looks. Way to go, you hotties.

Changes coming in Carter building, 2nd floor

By Sam Weien
Staff News Writer

"Change! Change! Change!" In 2008 I became sick of hearing and seeing this simple word over and over during Barack Obama's presidential campaign. It was on TV, on cars, on T-shirts, and once even on a tattoo. America was supposed to be altered drastically.

In similar fashion, the MBA language department is going through a set of major changes. First, as I reported earlier, Herr Sawyer is returning to Vanderbilt's Peabody College of Education in order to get his master's degree in education, hoping to get a job in administration. Also, Senor Gray is going to the Peabody College at Vandy. He, too, is getting his master's degree in education in order to get a job in administration.

Dr. Li is also departing for college. She, though, is going to spearhead a new Chinese institute at Belmont University.

Dr. Pettus is leaving to teach at Princeton.

These teachers, just like students, are always striving to reach a higher goal. Their decisions are respected by the entire MBA community.

However, since these teachers have left, there are now some big shoes to fill on campus. Mr. "Herr Senor" Paolicchi will be teaching one German I class now that Herr Sawyer is gone. In addition, a new German teacher, Mr. Rob Daugherty, formerly a teacher at Penn State, will be brought in to teach the other classes. Also, a new Chinese teacher, Mrs. Ying Zhang, will be brought in to replace Dr. Li. This teacher will teach all levels of Chinese.

Dr. Pettus' one Latin I class is being taken over by Mr. Berry because Mr. Bernatavitz, who will not be teaching history next year, will only teach Latin and will pick up one of Mr. Berry's Latin II classes. However, Mr. Berry will still be teaching three Latin II classes.

Since Senor Gray is leaving, a new Spanish teacher will arrive. Gretchen Zimmerman, a PhD recipient from Vanderbilt, will be taking over for Senor Gray. She also happens to be married to an MBA graduate.

The Big Red foreign language department will be much different next year. Although many familiar, friendly faces will be leaving, it seems that many more new, congenial people will be coming in next year to augment the expertise of this department.



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Lunchroom interactions beget camaraderie

By Bryan Oslin

Staff Social Observer

It's sometimes pretty uncomfortable sitting at lunch with those with whom you don't hang out or don't even know well. Since I don't always hit the lunch line at that perfect time where there's not a fifteen-minute wait, I arrive later, after the line has died down, only to come to the tables at which my closer friends sit and find them completely filled.

Fortunately, an idea came to me: to see fellow students' reactions when I randomly join them and their cronies at their table. Ranging from freshmen to seniors, I spent a week experimenting with this idea of mine. What I came to find was both surprising, yet comforting.

Well, as a standard of comparison, I arrived early to lunch so that it was possible

to eat and talk to my friends. My junior friends scooted over to make room for my tray. We brought up conversation either about track, current events, or classes that we have in common. From our conversations and the way they acted when I sat down, I've compared this to my experiences with the freshmen and seniors.

At a random freshmen table, it wasn't so different comfort-wise from the junior table. At first, they were shy to talk to me because they were two years my junior. In order to break the awkward silence among some but not all of them, I had to tell them what I was doing. However, their shyness didn't characterize their friendliness. The frosh confusion turned to convivial behavior, and they were intrigued by my experiment.

This particular table of frosh included

me in every single question or discussion. I wasn't exactly sure if it was because they wanted to impress a junior or because they are naturally that outgoing. However, they impressed me in the fact that I was surprised at how comfortable I felt eating and talking to the youngest high-schoolers.

Likewise, Nick Bessette and his table of seniors (you know those guys who appear to be intimidating only because they're seniors) are actually kind at the lunch table. You never know if they were perplexed by the fact that a junior was joining them, but by the way they greeted me, it was as though I was one of them. Camaraderie which had been developed through sports aided my experiment.

It was Nick, a fellow member of the track team, who first welcomed me. His friendliness was a relief, for I was a

little self-conscious in performing this experiment. His attitude toward me spread to the other seniors. What was unique and unexpected was that they were more or less reminiscing about their experience at MBA, something that I was not used to hearing due to the fact that I'm a junior, and no junior has really started doing that yet. They seemed eager to experience college and also to learn where I am looking for college. Their friendliness was seen in my inclusion in their conversations.

This experiment goes to show that although there are distinctions between grade levels, camaraderie among all MBA students is very rich. No one should be hesitant to sit with those whom he doesn't know. I went out of my comfort zone in order to figure out that it was productive and enjoyable. The lunchroom is a great place to relax and let friendships develop and grow.

Sun never sets on Dr. Boyd's *Diplomacy* empire

Boyd also plans to start a club dedicated to the life of crickets . . . or something like that

By Scott Blackwell

Staff Writer

Depending on your level of experience with the game, the following news may either affect you minimally or finally help you to break the monotony of schoolwork and add some semblance of ambition to your dull life:

Next year MBA will have it's very own Diplomacy Club.

For those of you who do not know (you poor souls), Diplomacy is a strategy game based in Europe at the start of the 20th century. Each of seven players in a given game takes control of one of Europe's Great Powers of the time, and attempts to use deception, coercion, and brute force to take control of the whole of Europe.

The game could be described as similar to Risk, with the distinguishing factor being that no luck is involved—victory in a battle is determined purely by numerical advantage. Discussion and negotiation with other players, then, is not only encouraged, it is the key to victory. Promises and compro-

mises are commonplace, however, because nothing said to another player is binding. Betrayals also occur frequently. Knowing whom to trust can mark the difference between a country's shot at victory and its untimely demise.

The man directly responsible for the remarkable increase in backstabs, betrayals, and broken friendships on campus is none other than Dr. Boyd, who introduced the game to his Modern European History classes this year. Based on the ever-growing popularity of the game, Dr. Boyd, along with Dr. Marro, has decided to create an official Diplomacy Club. I recently got a chance to ask the man himself a few questions about the club:

Bell Ringer: Why did you decide to include Diplomacy in the curriculum of your classes this year?

Tim Boyd: One of the big themes I wanted to focus on in second semester European History was the political rivalry between the European great powers, especially leading up to World War One. "Diplomacy" is a good introduction not only to many of the political dilemmas each of the major powers faced (you only have to play as Germany for 5 minutes to realize why 19th century German statesmen were so worried about keeping France and Russia from becoming allies), but also to the "intangible" features of foreign relations that have mattered a great deal in European history, e.g. how can you be sure if the person you are dealing with can be trusted? When should you risk a pre-emptive attack against another nation, etc.?

Finally, I think playing "Diplomacy" also helps people improve their awareness of European geography:

places you might otherwise find hard to locate on a map, but that have important historical significance – Silesia, Piedmont, Prussia, Serbia – become familiar when you have to constantly worry that your "ally" Henry Beveridge is secretly planning to launch a three-pronged attack on you there to steal one of your supply centers.

BR: What prompted you to begin a Diplomacy club at MBA?

TB: I was really pleased at how popular the game became – people were asking me to set up additional versions of it even after the class activity was done, and the "All-Star" game at the end of the semester was a really fun thing to organize. I felt it would be nice to have a more structured set-up next year, where there was a pool of players to draw on and regular games being played, as well as a chance to try out variations – like the "global conquest" game that 13 MBA students set up in the spring.

BR: How do you explain the overwhelming popularity of Diplomacy? What is it about the game that makes it so much fun?

TB: I think it combines all the best features of "grand strategy" games, like Risk or chess, with the challenges presented by "mind games," like poker. The fact that you can't rely on dice rolls or other elements of luck to win means that you need to have a good plan. The fact that there are 6 other players means you have to think about not just your own strategy, but other people's. The fact that your agreements with other players are not binding means you have to know when to be honest and when to deceive – it's a terrible idea to lie all of the time, but you can't win if you never lie to anyone. Likewise, you have to base your moves on deciding whether to believe the people you've made deals with – and be ready to adjust your plans if it turns out they've been lying to you.

Overall, I think this makes for an addictive and entertaining game – there's



Cricketers could soon be wearing cardinal and silver.

a lot to think about, a lot of uncertainty to consider, and there's nothing quite like the feeling when a particularly well-executed strategy or betrayal actually works out.

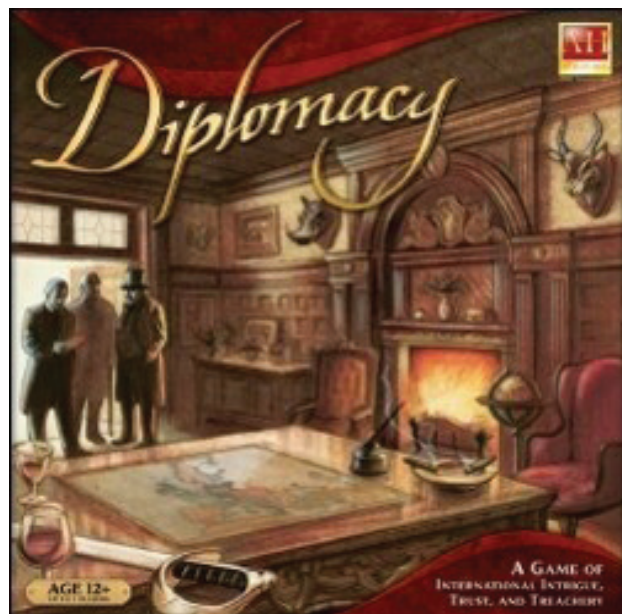
BR: What are some of the activities you have planned for the club next year?

TB: I would like to have a couple of "live-action" games – where we set up the game in one location, each round takes only 15 minutes and the entire game happens in an afternoon; I want to set up a "league" system over the year, so that by the spring, it's possible to give out an award for the best player; and I think it could also be fun to set up some games involving students from other schools (what are you going to do if your best tactical move in the game is to team up with a student from Ensworth and betray one of your closest friends at MBA....?).

BR: You're also planning to start a club about crickets, or some other sort of insect, right? Can you tell us more about that?

TB: You see, that's the sort of question that can lead to a sudden, 50-point retroactive drop on a person's Modern European History year grade...but yes, next year, I hope to start a cricket club at MBA as well. It's a fun sport that anyone who enjoys baseball should be able to appreciate, and we already have the equipment here at school to start it.

So there you have it; a big thank you to Dr. Boyd for the interview, and everyone make sure to keep an eye out for the Diplomacy and Cricket clubs next year!



The *Diplomacy* board game is sure to entertain, while offering some educational benefits, Dr. Boyd says.

The Bell Ringer staff salutes senior leaders

By The Bell Ringer Staff
Literally The Bell Ringer Staff

I'm sure you rarely put any thought into how this paper appeared in your hands. It's understandable, The Bell Ringer is a part of the rhythm of life on the Hill. Just as one quarter follows the next, a paper appears summarizing the innumerable events that occur on campus in that span of time. The onus of preparing this periodical falls to its writers but most especially its Chief Editor.

This year, that man was already busy enough, but Andrew Powell pushed the paper to new heights, both cosmetic and material. Most obviously, Andrew brought this paper into the age of color print, a feat more herculean than it sounds. He has not only made the obvious changes that come along with this transition but used the subtler details it allows to engineer what may have been the best looking paper in my time on the Hill in this last issue (Osama watermark and all). Beyond that, Andrew was an editor that I wanted to work for. We, the staff, saw and recognized his commitment and wanted to see it fulfilled. This feat is all the more amazing considering how lazy Bell Ringer writers can be.

To say that Andrew was a good editor is to underestimate just how much he cared about the quality of the paper. To say that the paper will miss Andrew's influence is an understatement. Thank you so much for everything, Andrew. - McKay Proctor



Photo courtesy of Anna Cantwell.

Andrew Powell-

With my articles not really falling under a specific section this year, Andrew Powell took me under his wing with the back page of every paper. I could probably write multiple pages of stories, anecdotes, and times where Andrew has helped me out, but I'll keep it short for the purpose of fitting it into less than a page.

I technically joined The Bell Ringer staff on a bus at 11:00 P.M. on the way to the Kangaroo gas station in Sewanee. I was talking to Andrew about the paper and his plethora of extracurricular successes (a topic that needs to be forced out of someone so humble) and he convinced me that I should take up writing for the paper to write some funny stuff for the class news and such.

After the first issue came out and my back page article was maybe laugh worthy at a few lines at best, Andrew still let me have

the back page to do with what I wanted. Six issues later things have gone significantly better for that column and it is largely due to Andrew's faith in me as a writer and his patience with me. It is always a great feeling when your editor is your biggest fan, and I always felt that from Andrew. His commitment to the paper and the passion he carried into piecing it together bit by bit this year was nothing short of incredible. It will truly be an honor to fill the Executive Editor position (a position Andrew himself made for me) following such a talented and skilled leader.

Andrew, from our bro nights, to our brainstorming about new articles, to our numerous talks about how to get me into Carolina so we can continue our dynamic duo for three more years, I will definitely miss you more than anyone else on the hill next year. You are a great editor and an awesome friend. All clichés aside, I give you full credit for fostering my love for writing. I am super pumped to come hang with you at UNC in the fall. Go Tar Heels. -Scott Dalton



Photo courtesy of Max Coyle.

Ryan Hill-

There is next to nothing that I can write about Ryan Hill that hasn't been said already. People have talked about his brilliance, work ethic and determination to the point where they've almost become cliché. What's amazing about his bringing all this talent to the table on the paper, he keeps the common touch. As features editor, Ryan has the daunting task of reigning in the creative spirits of a staff full of adolescent boys with differing personalities. In all his dealings, Ryan handled each member of the staff as an equal. I've watched him explain the writing process to freshman and critique the ideas of peers and he approached both with humility and a vision for what would make the paper better.

As a writer, Ryan has shown me the value of versatility. At one point this year, Ryan went from writing an "exposé" on sleep deprivation one issue to writing a somber editorial about the threat WikiLeaks poses to our national security. I guess the one thing I learned from Ryan more than anything is that everything is for the good of the paper. If there was an article that needed writing Ryan would always answer the call. For that, we thank him. - McKay Proctor

Scott and Karthik's gift to the seniors:



Writing a class news column, I rarely deal with any of our senior editors on the paper other than Mr. Powell himself.

Since I managed to make it to only one of our seven or eight meetings this year, it was always Andrew who made sure I knew my assignment and my deadline and so forth. With the insufferable burden of piecing all our articles in a neat format, Andrew managed to maintain a personal relationship with the writers and stay genial in his paper related duties.

I was more than surprised when he found me in late August to give me a laminated copy of my first article of the year with a personal note on the back thanking me for my effort and encouraging me for the future. Despite my near absence this year in staff meetings, it has been a pleasure to work with Andrew and I will definitely miss his personal touch next year. - McLean Hudson

The Bell Ringer is proud to unveil the new "preppy" logo for the paper (graduation edition)!

Jack Hallemann-

I had both the personal pleasure and anguish of selling ads this summer with Jack Hallemann. Jack taught me everything I know about selling ads (read: very little). What Jack failed to pass on to me in business savvy, he made up for by instilling in me a strong entrepreneurial spirit (read: relentless badgering). I particularly remember Jack's advice that "sex sells," which I never quite understood in the context of newspaper ad sales but I tried to hold true to his advice regardless. In all seriousness, Jack will truly be missed as Business Manager and friend, and I can only hope to follow his example of strong business ethics mixed with tireless telemarketing. - Daniel Mace



"Thank you Andrew for all your work on the paper this year in addition to your leadership on the Honor Council and Cross Country Team. Each paper turned out to be fantastic. Hope you enjoyed your time on the Hill and hope you have fun at UNC next year. Roll Red!"

- George Swenson

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Tom Markham reflects upon this year in music

By Tom Markham
Entertainment Editor

Another year's gone by. It's that time of year when I get to reflect upon the musical happenings that have rocked my world personally this past year.

Consider this article my swan song for *The Bell Ringer*. I do sincerely hope, o my brothers, that the musical news I have delivered to you this year has been insightful, entertaining, illuminating, and just plain fun. Now, let's get down to business, shall we?

First, a disclaimer: I do not under any circumstances claim that the following list is an official "top music list" of any kind. These are just my personal observations and reactions to the past year in music. If you don't like this list, too bad!!! Go read *Pitchfork* or *Billboard* or some other "official" list. I have, however, tried to include a decent bit of every genre to keep the hoi polloi satisfied, at least for the time being.

First, we'll start out in the rock and roll sector. This category, as you could probably tell throughout the year, gets my shoutout for personal favorite, and this year, the two upstart bands that have most impressed me are Smith Westerns and Yuck. Smith Westerns, a group of Chicago native 19-year-olds, has got the perfect combination of glam pop and classic rock to make a very unique, very catchy sound. Their single "Weekend" gets my award for catchiest song of the year.

Yuck's name hardly does this band justice. Brit indie veteran Daniel Bloomberg heads up this '90s throwback four-piece, and his very refreshing songwriting gives Yuck a certain vivacity that one might not expect in a band that may as well be from the '90s indie scene.

Picture the lovechild of Dinosaur Jr. and My Bloody Valentine growing up with the Libertines. This beautiful mix of screaming guitar hooks, shoegaze noise rock, and tasty vocal melodies is exactly the sound that Yuck encapsulates.

Their debut, self-titled album gets my vote for best album of the year, for sure. Check out their songs "Get Away," "The Wall," and "Shook Down." It'll have you at hello, trust me. I had the extreme pleasure of getting to see both of these bands in concert *together* (along with local artist Big Surr) back in January, and it was a beautiful experience.

While I've mentioned local music, I'd be remiss not to mention our favorite local boys, JEFF the Brotherhood, in this article. I told you readers around Christmastime that JEFF was looking to make waves in 2011, and by Jove, they already have. After a hugely successful set at South by Southwest and shoutouts from both *Spin* and *Rolling Stone* magazines, the bogus bros' stock on the national rock scene is skyrocketing. In fact, they've just recently signed to the Warner Brothers mega-label. Talk about a huge year! It's not even summer yet! They've got a highly anticipated album, the aptly-named *We Are the Champions*, due out in June, just in time for their set at Bonnaroo. Well done, boys.

Now we venture into the hip-hop, rap, and soul genre. I've got two quick shoutouts here. First goes out to Tyler, the Creator and the rest of the gang at OFWGKTA.



Tom speaking about Mumford and Sons: "I'm not sure that I've ever seen a quicker rise through the ranks to international stardom in my lifetime."



The up and coming Smith Westerns steal Tom's pick for catchiest single.



Even Tyler the Creator himself was surprised by his new album, *Goblin*.

The Odd Future boys (and girl) have truly turned the music industry on its head with their immense talent, uniquely effective self-marketing abilities, and utter shock value of their music. When Tyler, the Creator, and Hodgy Beats showed up on Jimmy Fallon's late night show to perform "Sandwiches," few expected the freak show they got, but with riotous sets at South by Southwest, hit music videos, and major label signings, these fellas are expected to go nowhere but up.

Tyler's new album *Goblin* is out now. I suggest having a listen, but proceed with caution. You've been warned.

My other shoutout here goes to the wonderful, the fabulous, the magnificent, the enormous, Cee-Lo Green. I really can't say enough good things about this guy. He turned heads with Gnarlz Barkley a couple years ago, and now he's revitalized the R&B/Soul scene with his breakout solo album, *The Ladykiller*. This man has the greatest set of pipes I've heard in a very, very long time. Obvious hits like "F*#k You" and "It's OK" prove that he's got the ear-catching pop credentials to keep even otherwise shallow listeners entertained. Look deeper, into such songs as "Wildflower" and his breathtaking cover of Band of Horses' "No One's Gonna Love You" and you'll see that Cee-Lo has the whole package. Pop catchiness, soulful sensitivity, and an image that just screams "Look at me!" (I mean, did you see his performance at the Grammys?), Cee-Lo Green is exactly what a music industry plagued by

machines needs to keep itself raw and real.

My final shoutout goes to a band that everyone loves, whether they'll mention it or not. I speak, of course, of Mumford and Sons. I'm not sure that I've ever seen a quicker rise through the ranks to international stardom in my lifetime. The depth of their songwriting coupled with the purity and catchiness of their melodies give their songs a transcendental quality, one to which everyone can relate. Hit songs "Little Lion Man," "The Cave," and "Winter Winds" are just the tip of the iceberg when it comes to the depth of Mumford and Sons' ability. Their whole album is truly beautiful from start to finish, and these boys show no signs of slowing.

Their live performances are so energetic that you come away from them feeling accomplished. Their Grammy performance with the Avett Brothers and Bob Dylan nearly brought me to tears in its raw power and energy. That's the kind of music we all should be hoping for in years to come.

On that note, I would also like to wish a happy 70th birthday to Bob Dylan, who reached that milestone on May 24th. May he be blessed with many more years to come.

Well, that's all folks! The fat lady has sung, and my tenure as your Muse has reached its port of call. Enjoy the Entertainment Section next year under my worthy successor Jamie Joyce and have a totally rockin' summer!

Over and out.

Jamie Joyce reflects upon Tom's year as Entertainment Editor



Tom Markham, when not editing the excellent Entertainment Section of *The Bell Ringer*, enjoys playing smooth jazz for his friends on the weekends.

Around the time of my sophomore year, I decided that I wasn't taking full advantage of all of the writing opportunities our fine establishment has to offer. I attended my first Bell Ringer meeting and was asked by then-editor, Pat Killian, what I wanted to write about. I told him I liked music and the arts. So being in a band, myself, I was given the assignment of interviewing the lead singer the MBA/EHS band Stan vs. Wild. This interview was the first of many great encounters with Mr. Tom Markham.

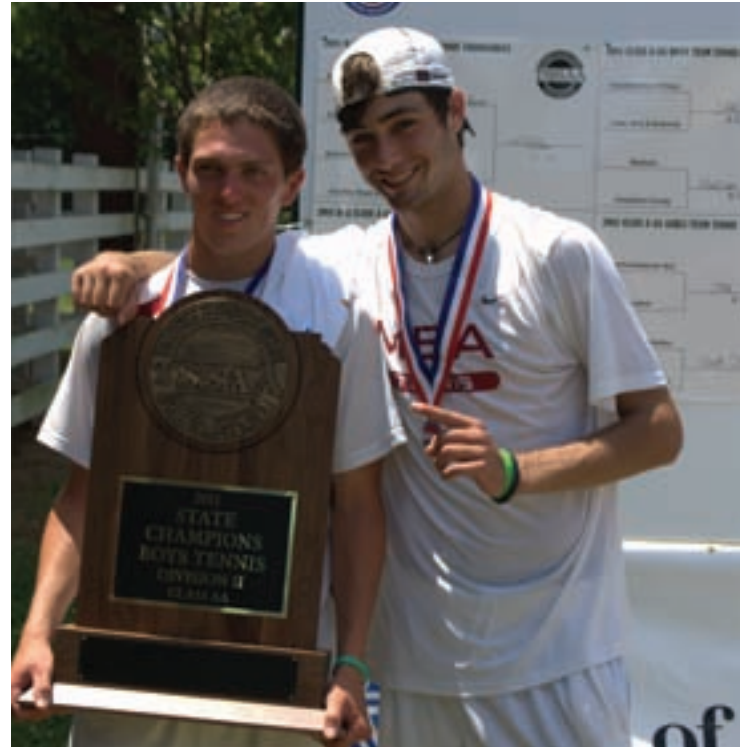
Tom has been more or less a role model, not just for me but for every MBA student. He's a classy fellow who was kind enough to give my band our first show, let me cut in with his group at the front of the line into a Kings of Leon concert, and go so far as to call another suave gentleman, Andrew Powell, to pick me and a friend up from a terrible sweet sixteen and take us with them to see *It Might Get Loud* at the Belcourt. The Taco Bell afterward never tasted sweeter. But along with him being a standup friend and a talented musician, Mr. Markham is also an eloquent writer, a champion at ultimate Frisbee, and an extremely adept scholar. Thorough articles on the growing Nashville music scene and the Strokes' fourth LP prove to be excellent examples of how one man's eclectic range of interests can all come together.

Tom, you're a great guy and Princeton is lucky to have you. The Hill won't feel the same without you here and I can only imagine the great things the future holds for you. I'm proud to call you my friend and I can honestly say that I look up to you. Your position as Entertainment Editor for *The Bell Ringer* was well deserved and well kept and I can only hope that I do nearly as good a job as you.

-Jamie Joyce

CONGRATULATIONS!!!

MBA wins 2011 TSSAA Tennis State Championship

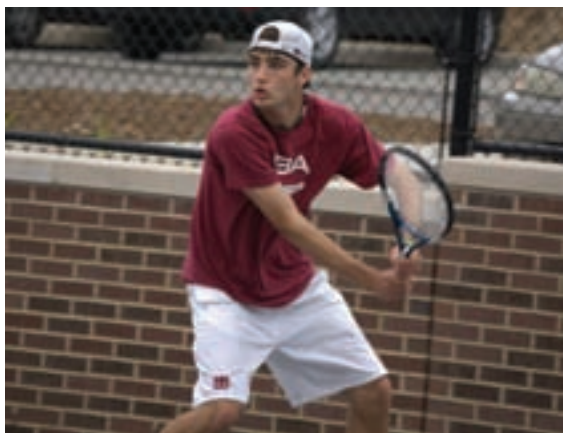


Top left: The 2011 MBA Tennis team proudly displays their new Division II State Champions trophy, won on Wednesday, May 25th.

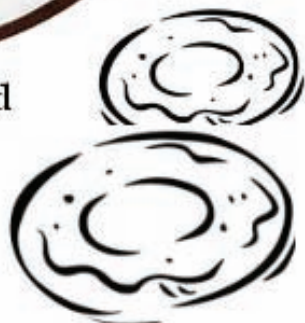
Above: Davis Thrailkill and Russ Anderson pose for a shot with the trophy, in front of the bracket.

Far left: Russ Anderson prepares to smash the ball into next week. His racket was later used to exterminate countless cicadas in the Quad.

Left: Davis Thrailkill plays tennis with such finesse that is uncommon on the high school level.



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Bulls vs. Heat represents more than a championship

By Jesse Suh
Staff Baller

Many basketball purists would consider the 1980's to be the apex of the National Basketball Association. Out of many notable teams such as Julius "Dr. J" Erving and Moses Malone's 76ers, Isiah Thomas' Pistons, and Hakeem Olajuwon's Rockets, the two teams who dominated the era were the Lakers and Celtics.

These two teams met a total of three times in the finals and won a total of eight titles. Lakers versus Celtics became a story about the devastating fast break of Magic Johnson versus the greatest frontcourt ever, led by Larry Bird—west coast flash versus east coast grit. Despite differences in style, what made these teams so appealing was the unselfish nature of both teams; building teams through the draft and allowing players to develop gave these teams a sense of continuity and allowed them to outlast their competition.

This year's Miami Heat team has defied all the old maxims of how to build a successful basketball team. Starting with three immensely talented players deciding maybe as far back as the 2008 Summer Olympics that they would join forces, the Heat has embraced a microwave approach to turn their team into an instant contender. By signing LeBron James, Dwayne Wade, and Chris Bosh to max contracts and filling out the rest of the team with mediocre

players signed to veterans' minimums, the Heat were basically saying the skill of three players could outweigh the coherence of a team.

Contrast that to the way their Eastern Conference Finals opponents were built. The Bulls have a traditional superstar in Derrick Rose, the league MVP, but the success of the team is not conceivable without the role players and the defense instituted by new coach, Tom Thibodeau. The whole team buys into Thibodeau's system, starting with Rose, and it led them to play at their top gear throughout the regular season to earn a first seed and the best overall record in the NBA.

A great indication of how the Bulls are built comes from rarely used power forward, Brian Scalabrine. Though he rarely dresses for games and barely plays when he does, he is the first one off the bench at every timeout, giving high fives and motivation to his teammates without bitterness. If there is any flaw in this Bulls team that could prevent them from advancing in the playoffs, it is that there may not be another player who can step up and help Rose carry the offensive load.

A Bulls-Heat matchup may not be as poetic as the Heat's second-round matchup with the Boston Celtics. That matchup had an aging big three against the self-proclaimed "Three Kings" of Miami. It had the ultimate team and defensive player in Kevin Garnett trying to protect Celtic



Brian Scalabrine rides the bench enthusiastically as a secret weapon for the Bulls.

Pride. It was not to be as the Heat easily dispensed with the Celtics with their youth and athleticism.

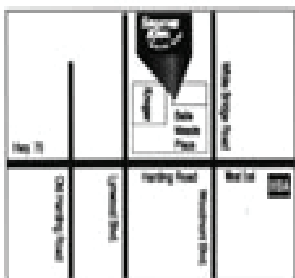
I would argue that a Bulls-Heat matchup is more intriguing and worth following, even for non-NBA fans. In the frenzy of the 2010 free agency, the Bulls made it no secret that they wanted some combination of James, Wade, and Bosh. Ironically, it was those players' rejection of Chicago that made a franchise begging for star-power become the most coherent team in the league.

In Rose and Wade exists the Chicago connection—one seeking to bring the city its first championship since Jordan's two three-peats, the other embracing a new

city and seeing what he left behind. There is also the matter of LeBron James' facing the best defense he ever has in his attempt to get over the hump and finally win his first championship.

With the consolidation of star power starting to emerge, with players like Carmelo Anthony demanding to join forces with Amar'e Stoudemire in New York and anticipation for upcoming free agents Chris Paul and Dwight Howard, the Eastern Conference Finals could say a lot about the direction of building a team. Though the series may be done by the time this article comes out, hidden in both teams' drive to win a ring may be a battle for the NBA's soul.

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A junior advises seniors about surviving college

By Scott Dalton

Staff Senior Advice Giver

As we close this year and look forward to the summer, it only seems appropriate to recognize our seniors by having this issue's "On the Hill" column be dedicated to making fun of college and all it stands for. It's not so much the entire college experience that is laughable, but it should especially be noted how ridiculous the protocol is for freshman entering into a new university. Yes, some of you may be critical that a Junior is writing this article, but you can just go ahead and get over yourself because that's just how it's going to have to go down. So, pack your trunks and argue with your roommate about who is buying the mini-fridge, because we are going to explore what the ups and downs of entering into college as a freshman.

Undeniably, the most laughably annoying thing a new college freshman has to deal with is those posts on your university's entering freshman page. My favorite posts to look at are the ones that people post that say something along the lines of "looking for a roommate on south campus, let me know if you're interested!" Okay, seriously, bro, here's a little piece of advice: Facebook is possibly the worst place to ask someone to be a roommate. For all you know, that guy doesn't have a roommate yet because he only sleeps on the bottom bunk, he has to have quiet time from 2-3 P.M. every day so he can eat pixie stix and watch Disney channel original movies, and chances are he has the social skills of a small turtle. Oh, and you should probably consider transferring if you're one of those people who posted "last minute roommates on south campus, anyone?" and no one responded after friending you and stalking you...just saying.

People always say that your roommate is one of the most important and exciting new parts of being away from the nest and whatnot. The fact of the matter is that it's pretty much true, so choose wisely, or go completely random and let the college match you on "personality." Let's get real with ourselves: unless you are going to a super small liberal arts college (nothing wrong with that, there are some legit people at small liberal arts colleges) the college is way too busy with other things to match you on personality. Colleges that could form several small militias with their students (The Ohio State University) think that having something in common means that your last names are next to each other on their roster of students. That being said, you really need to think strategically about how you will list your last name in college and with whom you want to room.

Coming from MBA in particular, the biggest rite-of-passage moment for you should be to finally grow that college beard, baby! Yes, you have waited for the last four years (exception: gingers and the few seniors that haven't hit puberty yet...you know who you are) to grow that bad boy out after trying to hit up the "half-beard" look on Fridays and growing out a gerbil on your face every Christmas break. It's pretty much an un-spoken rule on The Hill that as soon as you walk across that stage, your razor will be having the same withdrawals that your parents will have come August.



The seniors are all confused about what to do now that high school is over and college begins. Scott Dalton is here to help!

Yes, you have to go to class...sometimes. It's no real secret that you actually have to go to class in your brief college stint, but don't let that get in the way of your overall experience. Class could be fun maybe once or twice in the next four years, but one thing that is for sure is that you can finally have a female lab partner that isn't a teacher.

Unfortunately, you will have to invest some sort of money in your room itself. Here's a piece of advice: buy the carpet, not the mini fridge. Amidst all the excitement that comes with having a new roommate and getting all gitty about living with a total stranger, don't leave your frugality behind. You are still 19 years old, and one of you or your friends is going to break that mini fridge by cracking the cooling system, destroying the fan, or one of the guys across the hall is literally going to throw it

at a police car out your window because he is superman right now and he has to "go hard" in his freshman year because we're not so sure he's going to make it back next semester. Buying the carpet, however, is a safe way to keep it cheap and have memories that will last a lifetime. By the end of the year you should have nice stains from your oreo-cakesters after pulling an all-nighter for a class you haven't been to and dozens of other memories from that piece of fabric. Buying the rug makes you classy but also efficient, as the storage is simply rolling it up and bungee-cording that thing to your Subaru.

Rooms are crucially important, so here's some age old advice: get there early, bottom bunk is necessary. Yes, you should absolutely bunk your beds, especially if you get to the room first. Be sure to secure the bottom bunk because while living six feet off the ground is sweet for maybe two weeks at summer camp, I hope you realize that you will be sleeping there for the same amount of time it takes for a woman's pregnancy to elapse. This is why it is crucial to get there first and make the other person sleep top because it's really funny to make other people sleep up there and they will probably bang their head on the ceiling fan a few times to start off your day with a laugh.

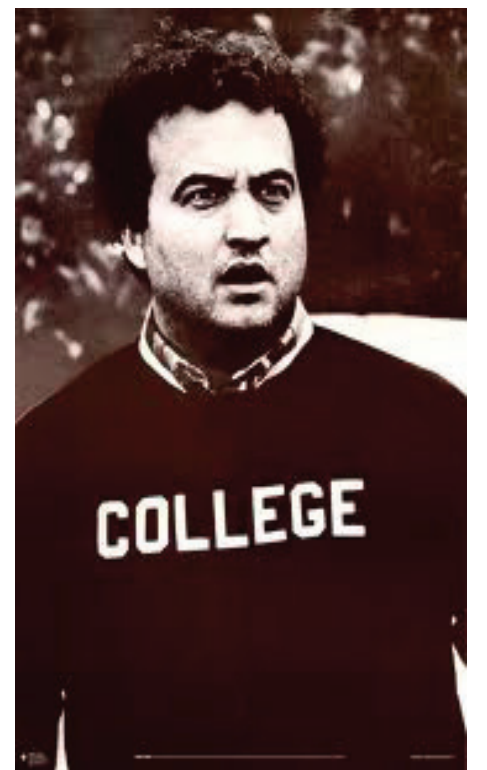
Seniors, you will certainly be missed around The Hill about as much as the previous 145+ classes that have graced this school with their presence. No, seriously though, the Class of 2011 has certainly made its mark on the school and on our hearts. You have all taught us the meaning of "going HAM," and so forever it will be. So go out, take the advice printed above, and have some fun. It is only college, after all.



Warren "Gesticulation" Smith throws his hands in the air sometimes when he thinks about the prospect of college and that is perfectly okay.




Spanky says, "I went to college once and because I listened to Scott Dalton's advice I was the man!"



Scott Dalton (above) known as "The Maverick" knows what it takes to make it in college.

TO HELP COMMEMORATE
THE TIME THAT ONE HUNDRED
TWELVE GENTLEMEN SPENT
ON THE HILL, LET'S
RECALL....



Things that were Delled

AT THE CLASS of 2011

7th GRADE: HANDS ABOVE THE DESK, STAN!

8th GRADE: STOP CRYING AND DIAGRAM THIS SENTENCE, JACK!

9th GRADE: FACE THE FRONT, DREW!

10th GRADE: DROP THE SLINGSHOT, AND NO ONE GETS HURT!

11th GRADE: GIVE THOSE BACK, LEMEZ!

12th GRADE: ONE AT A TIME, EDDIE!

SO, IN
CONCLUSION: No senior prank
necessary; we got ours.

Chris Goodrich 2011